

LONGFORD's GLYN:

A TRUE

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HISTORY.

Faithfully Translated from the *Irish* Original.



L O N D O N,

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TO her ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS *A N N E*.

M A D A M,

WH O the Author of this Poem is, I shall not take upon me to say; but as I am told, (and I take it upon the Credit of others) that it is a good one, and of a singular Kind, I have for that Reason, presumed to inscribe it to Your Royal Highness; because I am told (and I take it entirely upon the Credit of others) that you also are of a singular Kind! of at least as uncommon a Cast, and Turn, among Princesses of Merit, as this, among Poems.

I therefore desire the World to take Notice, that this Address is made, not to the high Quality, but to the distinguished Character, of the Princess Royal of *England*; and I desire her to accept it, not as Incense offer'd to her Birth and Station, but as a Tribute paid to her Virtue! And the more honourable, as it is paid by a Person unknown, who never hoped to be other than unknown to her: Who hath no Vanity to indulge, who proposes to himself, neither Praise, nor Preferment, from the Attempt; nor any other Interest he hath greatly at Heart, besides the Hopes, of having enlarged and honourable Sentiments, more extensively convey'd, under the Sanction of her Name, and the Honour of her Approbation. And I flatter myself, that the Author (if he's a good Poet) will be very sensible of the Honour I do him on this Occasion; for what earthly Honour so solid, in the Esteem
of

DEDICATION.

of a true Poetick Spirit, as the Approbation of a Princess, adorn'd with every elegant, and amiable Accomplishment! A Princess, who hath already learnt to do Honour to Royalty!

Proceed, illustrious fair, to tread the Paths to true Glory, and eternal Honour! Shine out, a fair Example, to the degenerate World about you! And teach them at once to admire, and to imitate! Let them behold in you, the Blessings of a religious and a virtuous Education, together with the signal Advantages, that await a virtuous Industry. An Industry exerted in the Pursuit, and crown'd with the Attainment, of every desirable Erudition! And let them contemplate in themselves, the sad and shameful Fruits of parental Neglect, and the fond Indulgence of Sloath and Vanity.

Your Royal Highness will I hope pardon this Presumption, in one, who doth not arrogate to himself the Character of a Poet, privileg'd to dedicate; yet hopes that Privilege, great as it is, may be inoffensively assum'd on such an Occasion, by one, who hath no selfish View in this Address (more than other Editors) but that, of enjoying in Retirement, the Satisfaction, of having given this publick Attestation, to a Merit, so distinguish'd! And being from that sole Motive,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's most Dutiful

and most Obedient Humble Servant,

L O N G F O R D ' S G L Y N *.

A T R U E

H I S T O R Y.

IN fair *Tyrone*, for fruitful Fields renown'd,
And waving Hills, with various Verdure
crown'd,

Where Mountains over Mountains tow'ring high,
With pleasing Horror fill the distant Eye!
Not far, from where that antient City stood,
Wash'd by † *Owindo's* smooth and sable Flood,
For royal *Ergal's* Palace fam'd of old,
And *Pagan* Oracles from Rocks of Gold ;
Clogh-ore from thence in antient Records nam'd,
Though since a See for *Christian* Prelates fam'd,

* Situate in the County of Tyrone, and Manour of Cecil, not far from the City of Clogher, antiently a royal City. The Name is derived from the two Irish Words mention'd in the introductory Verses (for the Reason there assigned) the first of which signifies a Stone, and the next Gold. † The Irish Name for the River now call'd the Black Water.

B

Where

Where *John* * renown'd for Bounty and for Books,
 Peace at his Heart, and Plenty in his Looks,
 Guards well the Ways with hospitable Eye,
 Nor lets the Traveller pass hungry by:
 A Nymph, the Wonder of the neighbouring
 Swains!

The Pride of all the sweet *Cecilian* Plains!
 Fair *Monimeca* dwelt, of Race divine!
 Offspring of *Pan*, and Glory of his Line!
 None could with sweeter Breath the Reed inspire,
 Or touch more tuneful the *Salignan* Lyre:
Phœbus and *Pan*, two mighty Powers! combin'd,
 To grace her Person, and adorn her Mind,
 Added th' enchanting Voice, and lovely Air,
 To every Art that form'd the finish'd Fair;
 Parental Fondness urg'd the aged Sire,
 Nor less was *Phœbus* urg'd by fierce Desire.

The Father saw, and bid the Nymph beware,
 Be timely wise, and shun the gilded Snare:

* *Dr. Sterne the present Bishop.*

Bid her, before she lov'd, examine well,
 If Wit and Arts, with Faith and Friendship dwell;
 Told her, the giddy Likings of the Great,
 Were but Effects of Vanity and Heat.
 Wit, in the Conduct of a lawless Will,
 Is but the Gilding of a poison'd Pill!
 The honest, is alone th' accomplish'd Breast;
 There fix, my Child, there only to be blest!
 And such, I deem, in *Altus* you shall find,
 A manly Mien, embellish'd by his Mind!
 Let *Altus* have your Heart, be doubly wise,
 Be grateful to the God in Sacrifice.

He said, nor askt, nor needed a Reply:
 'Twas painted on her Cheek, and in her Eye.

Long had the Love-sick Swain the fair one view'd
 With down-cast Eyes, with silent Sighs pursu'd;
 Nor did his distant, diffident Address,
 Though seeming flighted, fail of some Success:
 At her Approach, Joy lightens in his Eyes!
 But quickly sickens with Desire, and dies;

His

His Accents falter, and his Spirits fail,
And dewy Damps, succeed a dying Pale.

The Nymph soon saw his Agony of Love;
She saw, nor could she blame, nor dar'd approve;
The Love, the Transport, the Distress she sees,
Steal on her Heart, by unperceiv'd Degrees.
Too happy Swain! now openly approv'd!
Favour'd by *Pan*! by *Monimeca* lov'd!

Contiguous was a Vale, of various Shade,
By arching Rocks and meeting Mountains made!
Here, parallel approach the mighty Mounds,
And there, in hollow Windings part their Bounds:
The Rocks with Woods, the Woods with Rocks
o'ergrown,
Protect the shrilling Hawk, and Woodquest's
Moan;
Above the Summit of the craggy Steep,
The Eagle, sailing with majestick Sweep,
Smiles on the distant Terrors of the Gun,
Or tries her penon'd Offspring at the Sun!

The Goat, with Pain distinguisht from below,
 Late browfes, pendant, on the horrid Brow,
 With dreadful Negligence! The Shepherd fees,
 And shouts him down by dangerous Degrees!
 Waking the Diffonance of Rooks and Jays,
 Whilst blended Echoes bound along the Maze.

Here, in the Covert of the lonely Vale,
 Fair *Monimeca* breath'd the fragrant Gale;
 Here deckt her cool Recess, a sweet Retreat,
 From *Phœbus*' searching Eye, and sultry Heat:
 Here, deep embower'd in the woodbin'd Wild,
 Whole Summer Days with *Altus* she beguil'd!
 To happy *Altus*, yielded all her Charms,
 Whole Summer Days were short in *Altus*' Arms!
 Blest Swain! what Joys tumultuous swell'd thy
 Breast,
 With Love, with Bliss, with Gratitude oppress'd!

Nor Love alone their happy Hours employ'd,
 Tho' to the Length of Happiness enjoy'd,

To ev'ry Grief, they lent a pitying Ear;
 The Worthy and the Wretched were their Care!
 To call true Merit, from the Gloom of Night,
 And shew its Lustre in the fairest Light;
 To ease the anxious Heart, to heal Distress;
 Happy themselves, their Study was to bless!
 Refin'd Delight! and fitted to endure.
 But what can human Happiness secure?
 Neglected Love, now turn'd to vengeful Hate,
 Pursued them guiltless, to their sweet Retreat.

Great *Fan* *, the fav'rite Son of Mother Earth,
 Potent, and rich, and boastful of his Birth,
 A Gyant Form, and Tyrant of the Plain,
 Long fought the lovely Nymph, but fought in
 vain.

Yet not true Love inspir'd him to pursue,
 Lord of the Glebe, he claim'd her as his Due;
Pan heard, but still so dext'rously deny'd,
 At once he sooths, and disappoints his Pride;

* *Fan*, the Name of a Gyant, famous in the Irish Legends, whose Monument is now shewn on the Mountain, which makes one Mound of this Glyn.

And still had sooth'd, had *Phœbus* not inflam'd
 His Spirit, not malignant, though untam'd;
 Well meaning was the Man, but rough, and loud,
 Jealously stupid, hospitably proud.

His Temper *Phœbus* knew, and quickly fir'd,
 To more than all the Vengeance he desir'd.
 Chang'd to *Mac Farrol's* Voice, and Mien, and
 Age,

(*Fan's* Favourite Bard!) he thus inflam'd his
 Rage:

“ Is *Altus* then preferr'd to mighty *Fan*?

“ And lives the haughty Nymph? And lives the
 Man!

No more — the Tyrant high incens'd reply'd,
 Attend — and see my Vengeance satisfy'd—.

He said — and, foaming in a fatal Hour,
 Speeds to the Rock, that overhung the Bow'r:
 Well had he markt the Scene, with Envy view'd,
 To which his jealous Eye had oft' pursu'd
 The happy Pair: Ah happy now no more!
 Pusht from the solid Base, the Gyant tore

The

The solid Summit, with impetuous Shock,
 And Rage resistless, rusht the rugged Rock;
 Sheer to the Bow'r pursued its wafting Way,
 Follow the Gyant, and the God of Day:
 Arriv'd, they find, unhurt, the frightened Pair;
 For *Phæbus*, careful to preserve the fair,
 Heav'd the huge Mole above them in its Bound,
 And sent it guiltless to the nether Ground.

Quick fled the fair one, at the Sight dismay'd;
 And hegg'd, nor vainly begg'd, her Parents Aid;
Phæbus pursued, and eager seiz'd his Prey,
 As up the Rock she urg'd her uncouth Way.
 And now prepar'd to rifle all her Charms,
 She fell a living Fountain from his Arms!

Mean while, the Gyant and the Swain engage,
 With Strength ill suited, tho' with equal Rage,
 Till active *Altus*, with a dext'rous Lock,
 Impell'd him headlong on the pointed Rock;

Then

Then rushing to his Love's Relief, he found,
 Enrag'd, his Feet fast rooted to the Ground!
 Forward, with eager Haste, his Arms he throws,
 To seize the God, his Arms are turn'd to
 Bows!

Quick into Branches shoot his Hair and Hands,
 And now a Willow, as he stoopt, he stands.

Fast down the Rock, the living Fountain
 flows,
 To bath her Love, and bless him as he grows;
 Flows fast, and fondly curling round his Root,
 Swells to a limpid Bason at his Foot:
 Each, Life and Sense, (so *Pan* decreed) retains,
 And lasting as their Life, their Love remains:
 Is still the same, to the same Scene confin'd,
 No Change or Chance affects the faithful Mind!
Altus, still fondly bending from above,
 Beholds himself reflected in his Love,
 Nor from his Sight, will *Monimeca* part,
 But raptur'd, feels his Image at her Heart!

Tho' sever'd from his Arms, her Bounty gives
The Verdure and the Bloom, by which he
lives:

Whilst he that Bloom employs with guardian
Care

Still from his Rival's Eye to shield the Fair:
So, Gratitude repays the Bliss she owes,
And Bounty feels the Blessing she bestows.

Live, faithful Pair, henceforth consign'd to
Fame,
The Lover's Envy, and the Poet's Theme!

Nor shall the rocky Fragment be unknown,
But from your Fate, be call'd the * *Parting Stone*;
Roll'd by the Labour of a hundred Swains,
Near the next Road, that bounds the neigh'ring
Plains;
Stain'd with the Gyant's Blood, 'tis still in View,
And to this Day, retains the tainted Hue!

* *A celebrated Stone in the Midway between the City of Agher and Clogher, which is so call'd from a known and antient Custom with the Inhabitants of Agher, to attend the Corpse of their nearest Relations so far on their Way to the Grave, and no farther.*

The Stranger sees it, as he passes by,
 Asks what it means, nor hears without a Sigh;
 The Husband and the Wife, when Life is fled,
 Here part, the living Lover and the Dead:
 Thus far, as each survives, with Tears pursue
 The parting Herse, here sigh a last Adieu.

Live, faithful *Altus*, *Monimeca* live,
 To all the Length of Years the Muse can give.
 From you, be fair *Altmonimeca* * known,
 All other Names disdaining, but her own:
 Be *Longford's Glyn* no more the Region's Boast,
 But in your nobler Name, for ever lost.

* *The original Irish Name of that Valley, now called Longford's Glyn.*

F I N I S.

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